The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1801. [NO. XVIII.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Haywood was never hated or upbraided by me, on account of any guilt that I imputed to him. He was, indeed, the author of all my distresses, and as such the sound of his name, and the recurrence of his image, produced loathing and abhorrence. To mistake another for him was impossible. I was, by turns, fondling my babe, and looking out upon the passengers, when he abrupdly appeared in sight.

"My husband, happily for me, was not present. Had he been at my side, I should have been undone. My emotions not even his presence would have enabled me to subdue. As it was, his unsuspecting tenderness, his sympathy for my pain, stung me to the soul. Such is my unhappy lot, that every proof of tenderness from him whom I fondly love, only wrings my heart with new anguish, with anguish which nothing but proofs of his hatred would increase.

"Haywood I beheld for a moment only. How long he had been in this city, how often he had passed this door, how often he had passed me in the street, and by what mere accident he had been hitherto prevented from seeing and accosting me, I had no means of knowing. Whether he continued in this city, and whether I was still reserved for a meeting with him, were equally uncertain. I could not make inquiries. I could not suffer his name to pass my lips; but his image was ever in my thoughts. In passing the street, I dreaded to look up, for fear his eyes should suddenly meet mine. On entering the house of another, my secret terrors whispered that Haywood might be there. At every return of my husband to his home, I shuddered, lest some dire occurrence had revealed to him my shame.

"Shortly after I went into the country; but the change afforded me but slender relief. I was no longer in danger of meeting with Haywood, but my safety was still exposed to hourly hazard; my blood was chilled at the sight of every letter which came from Molesworth. Tremblingly I opened it, as if the painting of my nightly dream was to be realized, and I was to be overwhelmed with his curses and invectives.

"Little did I think, in the midst of all my fears, that danger of detection was increased by the rashness or folly of Haywood himself. Little did I think that he had confided the secret of my shame to another; that the strange youth whom we had received into our very bosom, was apprized of my guilt; and this has set, in its true light, the hollowness of my hopes; has shewn me how baseless is the confidence which I reposed in the ignorance of mankind respecting me.

"Thousands may possess your knowledge. Those who daily converse with me, my husband's kindred and friends, may know my true character. They hate or despise me in their heart, and pity Molesworth's delusion, while they greet me with welcomes and smiles. A thousand times may the breath of slander have blighted my name, and my crimes have been the subject of malignant whispers in the very circles which I frequent.

"Here then are my hopes of conjugal peace and unsullied reputation at an end. I have lived, in spite of conviction, that I merited abhorrence and infamy; but I have lived, because my life, and the belief of my purity, contributed to the happiness of the best of men. What shall become of me when that belief is subverted ....when he shall cast me from him as baneful and poisonous? That moment cannot long be deferred, and when it comes.....!"

Such were the terms of this affecting narrative. Having finished it, some engagement called her away, and she left me to muse upon it. It was a subject from which I could not withdraw my attention. My mind was continually busy in ruminating on this mournful tale.

"What various misery," said I, "has flowed from a single lapse! How ceaselessly watchful should we be against the first step that deviates from rectitude! A moment of forgetfulness of duty has been thus fertile of calamity; has laid so wide a scene of ruin!

"Where will it end? Can no penitence expiate this guilt, and no wisdom prevent future evils? Is it not enough that the husband and the brother have perished? That all the happiness which the continuance of life to Colmer and Selwyn might have produced, was extinguished in their blood? Has heaven provided no resource against despair? no antidote to future errors?

"To save a life endangered by the folly and guilt of Haywood, this unfortunate woman broke her conjugal faith, contracted through pity to Colmer, whose infatuation was no less culpable. Her crime was followed by the despair of her husband, and the vengeance of her brother. These passions were the growth of errors no less deplorable, and have led to effects equally disastrous. But the mournful series is not at an end. The tranquillity of Molesworth is the child of ignorance and stratagem. At the moment of discovered truth, the phantom will vanish. What a series of errors generating errors, and disasters flowing from disasters?

"But is it certain that to know the truth will subvert his happiness? His wife has a right to plead her tenderness and fidelity to him, in excuse for past faults. Surely, in dispassionate eyes, her claim to pardon and to continuance of affection, cannot be disputed. Would it not be wise, at least, to make trial of his equity and fortitude?

"She will never be persuaded to confession. Another must perform that task; but there is no substitute but myself, and as to me, would it not be madness and outrage to undertake a province like that? Have I not sworn to conceal her shame; and what, if, in the hope of effecting much good, I should violate my promise; what if Molesworth should prove to possess all the passions of an husband and a lover; if the happiness hitherto enjoyed should melt away from his grasp, like the phantom of sleep; and anger and hatred should succeed to pity and love; how shall I endure

to behold the effects of my fatal interposition?"

No wonder that while such were my reveries, you should perceive embarrassment and thoughtfulness in my deportment. How little, when your eyes were compassionately fixed upon me, and they seemed to say...."Harry! what is the matter with you?" how little did you suspect what was passing within! And what answer, had I spoken the truth, should I have given to your question?

For some time after this interview, no opportunity occurred of renewing conversation on this topic. I saw a secret wish to this end on your wife's looks, which seemed to fluctuate between curiosity and terror. It wss only when your uncle's sickness called you from town, that we could hope for uninterrupted conversation. You left us at noon, and intended, or expected not to return till next morning.

The day was past in separate occupations, or in the presence of vissitants or servants. In the evening, we seated ourselves alone, and your wife took up some needle-work. She did not, as usual, ask me to read to her. She sometimes sighed, and the handkerchief was often raised to wipe away the mist that suffused her sight. At length, after a prelude of mournful silence, she stopt the needle, and said, in a tremulous voice:—

"We are now alone, Henry, and I may say to you something that....you will not wonder that I am desirous of knowing more of....Selwyn....my brother. You told me he had died, lately, in New-York.... you know the circumstance."

I understood her wishes, but was thrown into extreme embarrassment, by this disclosure of them. How could the truth of Selwyn's destiny be disclosed to the sister? I was silent. She looked at me, and saw the marks of my inquietude. She was affected in her turn, and sunk into thoughtfulness.

Recovering from this reverie, she again spoke...."Tell me, where; how did he die?"

I was unable to answer. I could not deceive or prevaricate, and the truth could not be told.

"Why are you silent? Tell me, Henry, how did he die? He was not in poverty I hope. How long had he lived in New-York? Was he not in good repute? It is long since I saw that sweet face."

"He was not poor. He was in good repute. All that knew him, esteemed his probity and manners. He had arrived but a few days before."

"Some sudden sickness, perhaps. How was it? Tell me!"

I was silent.

"Do you know the cause of his death!"

"I know it."

"Then tell it me. Why should you conceal it? Knowing, as I do, that he is dead, surely I can bear to hear the manner of his death."

I shook my head...."I am not sure of that."

Her anxiety increased. "Was there any thing extraordinary in his death? Perhaps it was a sudden stroke."

"It was."

"Alas! But he was among his friends, I hope. He did not suffer through negligence or inattention."

"He did not."

"Why then do you look so sadly? Why hesitate to tell me the particulars? A lingering death is no better than a sudden one. In whose house did he breathe his last? At what hour? By what disease?"

"Under no roof. It was at midnight. By no disease."

At these words, her heart throbbed with new violence, and her faltering increased....."Surely....he owed not his death....he owed his death——"

"To Haywood! whom your brother had pursued for years to avenge your shame in his blood. They met; the defiance was received, and your brother fell."

Let me not attempt to paint the effect of these tidings. An hour after, when the tears whose assuaging influence had been, for a long time, withheld, began to flow, and to impart some relief, you entered.... unexpected and unwished by either, you entered the apartment.

Here I must stop. I have complied with your request. I have told you all that I know. I parted from you, in no fear for the life of my benefactress and friend, but....she is dead!——

B*O*N.

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

[From the General Magazine.]

The acquisition of fame always excites public curiosity; and to gratify that curiosity without violating truth, or wounding sensibility, cannot prove an unpleasant task to those who can rely on the authenticity of their intelligence, and are conscious, that by augmenting the pleasure of the public, they are not diminishing individual felicity.

The beginning of the last century was distinguished by what has been properly denominated a constellation of geniuses, composed of men, whose names will all descend to posterity; whilst the transactions of some of them are already lost in oblivion; and we search in vain for genuine accounts of several writers, from whose labours we derive instruction and amusement. If the morning of the eighteenth century was thus rendered brilliant by such men, a constellation of female genius, no less splendid, illumined the evening, and gave peculiar grace to its close.

To indulge immediate curiosity, as well as to furnish authentic materials for subsequent biography, we shall make it an object of our peculiar attention to record the memoirs of such of our contemporary authors as shall be distinguished by public approbation, more especially of those females, whose writings reflect so much lusture on themselves and their country.

It is an usual observation, and commonly true, that the life of an author is seldom sufficiently diversified to be generally entertaining. We, however, commence our biography with an exception to this general rule, in the memoirs of *Mrs. Inchbald*, who by her various dramatic pieces, has rendered her welfare an object of public concern, and her memoirs an object of public inquiry.

Mr. Simpson, a very reputable farmer, near Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, was happy in being surrounded with a family of children, remarkably handsome, among whom our heroine was more particularly distinguished, as being eminently beautiful. In her infancy Mr. Simpson died; and her mother, who appears to have been a person of great goodness and discretion, continued to occupy the farm, and brought up her children with the most decent respectability.--We have said that our heroine was extremely beautiful; but nature seldom produces perfection; and Miss Simpson was almost prevented the power of articulation, by an impediment which rendered all she attempted to say unintelligible to such as had not been accustomed to hear her. This misfortune so greatly intimidated her, before strangers, and preyed so much upon her spirits, that in her earliest days she perferred solitude to all society and "Melancholy marked her for her own."—Under this affliction, books became her chief companions, and she particularly delighted in such as contained descriptions of life directly opposite

to her own. And thus it generally happens, that they who are in the immediate enjoyment of solitude are captivated with the ideal pleasures of active society; whilst those who are obliged to bear the heat and burthen of the day in the acquisition of a competence, sigh for the felicities of retirement.

The disposition our heroine had shewn for solitude, was forced upon her by an incapacity to enjoy the delights of social intercourse; but habit had rendered it apparently natural. Curiosity, however, strengthened by reading, induced her at the age of thirteen, frequently to declare, that "she would rather die than live any longer without seeing the world." Anxious to become acquainted with such customs and manners as she had read of in newspapers and magazines, and, above all, to see the metropolis, of which young minds ever entertain the most romantic ideas, she proposed many plans for the accomplishment of her purpose, but they were constantly rejected by her friends, and she was positively enjoined not to indulge a thought so dangerous to her own safety, and the peace of the family.

But this desire increasing with her years, she at length resolved to effect by stratagem the design which she could not accomplish by permission. She was now sixteen years of age, and was become still more beautiful: her hair was of that bright gold-colour, so much celebrated by eminent poets and painters; her complexion was the glow of loveliness itself; her eyes dark, and her teeth exquisitely white; she was tall, and the symmetry of her person was elegant and correspondent to every description of perfect drawing. Such was our heroine, when in the year 1772, about the end of February, at an early hour in the morning, she stole away unperceived by any of the family, furnished only with a few necessaries, which she had previously packed up in a band-box, and ran about two miles accross some fields to the London road, where, with an indescribable perturbation, she waited the coming of the Diligence, which speedily conveyed her to—"that spot of glory, and that world of woe"—the metropolis.

Elopements usually excite romantic ideas; though, that a love-sick girl should risk every thing for the man she loves, is surely not very wonderful; but that a young and beautiful female, without communicating her intention to any one, destitute not only of a lover, but even of a confidant, should "wander forth, to see the world, alone," is a phenomenon which would better suit the page of fiction than of history.

But the most romantic projects of youth are seldom adopted without a reference to the accomplishment of some rational purpose, or the attainment of some particular pleasure. Curiosity after every thing worthy of curiosity, and that knowledge of the world, which is so frequently extolled as the most laudable acquisition, induced our fair adventurer to pursue a conduct which, at first, strikes us with an idea of singular indiscretion. She did not, however, quit her home without some settled plan. She had often heard her family speak of the wife of a tradesman, who was a distant relation, and lived opposite to Northumberland-House, in the Strand. To this relation she determined to apply, and conceived that, after having made herself known, she should be permitted to remain under her care till she had indulged that curiosity by which she had been prompted to take this extraordinary step, and for which she intended to solicit her mother's pardon by writing to her from this asylum.—But, alas! to our adventurer no such asylum was open; for, on arriving at the house in a hackney-coach, which she took on quitting the Diligence, she had the inconceivable mortification to find, that it was no longer occupied by persons related to her; they had retired from busines, and taken up their residence in Wales; a circumstance with which her friends were unacquainted, as no regular correspondence was held between the two families.

It was near ten at night when our heroine received these dismal tidings. The surprize and the distress discovered in her countenance could not but claim the attention of those to whom she was speaking. She appeared before them harassed, alarmed, and evidently without a place to shelter in. She acknowledged her situation, and requested they would permit her to remain with them till she had time to consider whither to go for the remainder of the night. Touched with pity, the people of the house complied with her request; and this civility, more than her situation, filling her eyes with tears, her hospitable friends were induced to promise that she should stay the whole night; and desired that she would make herself easy, with a kindness and good nature so unexpected as to raise in her mind suspicions of a more alarming nature than any which she had yet conceived on finding herself in London without a friend to receive her.

(To be Continued.)

A SKETCH OF

ENGLAND IN GENERAL.

[From Aikin's England Delineated.]

ENGLAND, including *Wales*, is the largest and most southern part of the island of *Great-Britain*, which is itself the principal of the European islands. It is every where surrounded by the sea, except on that part where it joins with a narrow neck to Scotland. Its general figure is triangular, with one point to the north, another to the east, and another to the west. Of its three sides, the western is the longest and most irregular, being broken and intersected by various points of land, and arms of the sea. If a straight line be drawn from Berwick upon Tweed to the Land's-End in Corn-wall, it will give, for the western side, four hundred and twenty-five statute miles. The same, drawn from Berwick to the South Foreland in Kent, will give, for the eastern side, three hundred and forty-five miles: and the triangle, completed by a line from the South Foreland to the Land's End, will have a southern side of three hundred and forty miles. But these measurements would amount to a great deal more if we were to follow all the windings of the sea-coast.

The face of the country of England affords all that beautiful variety which can be found in the most extensive tracts of the globe. In some parts, verdant plains extend far as the eye can reach, watered by copious streams, and covered with innumerable cattle. In others, the pleasing vicissitudes of gently-rising hills and bending vales, fertile in corn, waving with wood, and interspersed with meadows, offer the most delightful landscapes of rural opulence and beauty. Some tracts abound with prospects of the more romantic kind; lofty mountains, craggy rocks, deep, narrow dells, and tumbling torrents: nor are there wanting, as a contrast to so many agreeable scenes, the gloomy features of black, barren moors, and wide, uncultivated heaths. On the

whole, however, few countries have a smaller proportion of land absolutely steril and incapable of culture.

The richest parts of the country are in general, the midland and southern. Towards the north it partakes of the barrenness of the neighbouring Scotland. The eastern coast is in many parts sandy and marshy. To the west, the whole country of Wales is a mountainous tract, intermixed indeed with vales of great fertility. Another range of rude and elevated land, sometimes rising into lofty mountains, extends from the borders of Scotland to the very heart of England, running perpendicularly from north to south, and forming a natural division between the eastern and western sides of the kingdom, during its course. The county of Cornwall too, which, like a great promontory, juts into the Atlantic Ocean, is a rough and hilly tract; and a similar character prevails in parts of the adjacent counties. These mountainous regions, however, contribute greatly to the wealth and advantage of the whole, by the mineral treasures with which they are amply furnished.

The rivers of England are numerous; but the extent of the country will not admit of such a length of course as would allow them to vie in greatness with the rivers of the continent. Those of the northern parts, arising from the middle ridge of hills, have but a short run each way to the sea. In the midland districts, the *Trent* and *Ouse* find room for a moderate length of course. The *Severn*, in the west, springing near the sea, and taking a large semicircular sweep to reach the same sea again, flows over a space which entitles it to rank at least as the second river of England. The *Thames*, taking its rise not far from the western side, and running across to the eastern sea, gains a greater distance from its source to its mouth than any of the rest.

The lakes of England are few and inconsiderable for extent. The principal of them lie in the north-western counties.

Various bays, creeks, and inlets of the sea, are formed all round the coast. On the eastern side, the most considerable are, the *Humber*, an arm of the sea into which many rivers pour their streams. Then the *Wash*, a broad but much shallower inlet, the sands of which are for the most part bare at low water. The mouth of the *Thames* next opens into a sort of funnel, produced by the retiring coast of Essex on the one hand, and Kent on the other. Then succeed the *Straits of Dover*, where this island so nearly approaches the continent. The *Isle of Wight*, the harbour of *Portsmouth*, and the creek running up to *Southampton*, break the regularity of the southern coast; which afterwards makes several bays and semicircular sweeps in its progress to the *Land's-end*. On turning to the western side, the most remarkable of all the inlets, the spacious *St. George's*, or *Bristol Channel*, appears, which, with the wide mouth of the Severn, cuts deeply into the broadest part of the island. The opposite *Welsh* coast is broken by various bays and indentations; and beyond the next turn of the land succeeds the large and deep *Bay of Cardigan*. Then the *Isle of Anglesea* repels the waters of the Irish sea, and gives a new direction to the coast, which, running inwards, forms a kind of vast bay with the *Lancashire* and *Cumberland* coasts, into which several broad and shallow mouths of rivers enter, and which is protected to the seaward by the *Isle of Man*. *Solway Frith* terminates the English coast, and forms a natural boundary on part of the Scotch border, which the *Cheviot-hills* and the *Tweed* nearly complete.

With respect to *climate*, England is situated in the northern part of the temperate zone, so that it enjoys but a scanty share of the genial influence of the sun. Its atmosphere is inclined to chillness and moisture, subject to frequent and sudden changes; and is more favourable to the growth, than to the ripening, of the products of the earth. No country is cloathed with a more beautiful and lasting verdure; but the harvests especially in the northern parts, frequently suffer from unseasonable rains; and the fruits often fall short of their perfect maturity. The rigours of winter, however, as well as the parching heats of summer, are felt here in a much less degree than in parallel climates on the continent; a circumstance common to all islands. While the sea-ports in Holland and Germany are every winter locked up with ice, those of England, and even of Scotland, are never known to suffer this inconvenience. The western side of the kingdom, receiving first the great clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, which are afterwards intercepted in their passage by the middle ridge of hills, is considerably more exposed to rain than the eastern; but the latter is more frequently involved in fogs and mists. The whole country, some particular spots excepted, is sufficiently healthy; and the natural longevity of its inhabitants is equal to that of almost any region.

All the most valuable productions, both animal and vegetable, of this country, have been imported from the continent, and have been kept up and improved by constant attention. Originally, this great island seems to have been, like the wilds of America, almost entirely over-run with wood, and peopled only by the inhabitants of the forest. Here formerly roamed the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar, now totally extirpated. Large herds of stags ranged throug the woods, roebucks bounded over the hills, and wild bulls grazed in the marshy pastures. By degrees, the woods were destroyed, in order to make way for cultivation; the marshes were drained; and the wild animals, invaded in their retreats, gradually disappeared, and their places were supplied by the domestic kinds. England now possesses no other wild quadrupeds than some of the smaller kinds; such as the fox, the wild cat, the badger, the martin, and others of the weasal kind; the otter, the hedge-hog, the hare and rabbit; the squirrel, dormouse, mole, and several species of the rat and mouse. On the other hand, every

kind of domestic animal, imported from abroad, has here been reared to the greatest degree of perfection. The horse has been trained up for all the various purposes of strength and swiftness, so as to excel in those qualities the same animal in every other country. The horned cattle have been brought to the largest size and greatest justness of shape. The different races of sheep in England are variously distinguished, either for uncommon size, goodness of flesh, and plenty or fineness of wool. The deer of our parks, which are originally a foreign breed, are superior in beauty of skin and delicacy of flesh to those of most countries. Even the several kinds of dogs have been trained to degrees of courage, strength, and sagacity, rarely to be met with elsewhere.

The improvement in the vegetable products of this island is not lsss striking than in the animal. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almost all the variety of vegetable food which our woods could boast. To foreign countries, and to the efforts of culture, we are indebted for our bread, the roots and greens of our tables, and all our garden fruits. The barley and hops for our malt liquors, the apples for our cider, are equally the gifts of other lands. The meanest labourer now is fed with more wholesome and delicate aliments than the petty kings of the country could obtain in its savage and uncultivated state!

The rivers and seas of England are stocked with a great variety of fish, which yield a plentiful article of provision. The river fish, indeed, from the populousness of the country, and the number of fishers, are in many parts much diminished. But the sea is an nexhaustible source; and every exertion of industry, to procure food from thence, is amply repaid. The fisheries are at present a great object of attention; and the whole sea-coast is enlivened by numerous inhabitants, who gain their chief subsistence from the deep.

Such, in general, is the country which we inhabit; sufficiently favoured by nature, yet greatly indebted also to industry; for, if this powerful spring were to slacken, the wild wood, the tangled thicket, and the pathless morass, would again cover the land, and it would become a fit residence only for the savage beasts, and the hunter not less savage!

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VII.

The vulgar thus through imitation err.
POPE.

I have often reflected on the force of example, and I am convinced that it requires a degree of fortitude or self-possession, far beyond the common character of men, to refuse an almost implicit obedience to the habits of those with whom we associate. It has been said, as an excuse for this propensity to imitation, that so far from considering it a weakness in the human character itself, leading us on to vice, we ought to estimate it in a very different way....that as we imitate through affection to our friends or companions, our conduct must therefore be meritorious, and, if a failing, a failing of the most amiable description. This, however, will not excuse us: it has more of ingenuity than truth, more of compassion than justice.

What are we most apt to imitate....the vices, or the virtues? Those excellencies which require great denials as well as exertions on our parts....or those foibles (as politeness would term them) in the character of another, which, seem to indulge our own extravagancies, and to extenuate what they indulgue? It has been well observed, that the flaws of an exalted mind, form too often the only merit of its copyist. Let us appeal to experience. Some illustrious men have had bodily defects; and it became the fashion with others, to distort their own well-formed frames into a caricature of their masters. The great Johnson was uncouch in his manners, slovenly in his dress, and peevish in his temper. What have been the characteristics of the literati, since Johnson? A servile transmutation of his deformities: and they appear to have appropriated little else.

But pride has much to do in this business; at least in humbler life. Place a boy among his fellows, at school; give him all the advantages in your power, and yet, if these do not exactly come up to the means of his companions, he is unhappy. I have seen the cut of a coat, strings instead of knee-buckles, and a shirt without a frill, create as many distractions in his little community, and make that distinction in the estimation he is held in, which might have been justly expected from circumstances of the first magnitude amongst men. He is reviled, or he is respected, as he is enabled to keep appearances with the little circle in which he is placed; and destitute of the reason that discriminates betwixt evils, real or imaginary, he becomes the sport of rebuke, or the subject of envy. When engaged in this train of reflection, I have felt disposed to animadvert on the conduct of parents. They are not properly attentive to these trifles: they do not often consider, that no mind can be degraded without injury; and that to expose their children, who are but children in true wisdom, which is ever built on experience, to repeated mortifications of this kind, is not merely to sour their dispositions, (and that alone would go far with a feeling parent!) but absolutely to debase their hopes, and lower them in the eye of self-contemplation. No authority short of divine, can be ridiculed with impunity to itself. Let the servants once admit that their master is a fool, and his commands are made null. A wife who thinks that her husband is incapable of directing his concerns, will soon direct them herself. And the child who shall convince himself of the folly of his father, is not far from rejecting him altogether. A tyrant may be respected, but a fool will be despised. You may make a boy humble at the expence of his spirit, but his humility will be the humility of a slave....a base and crouching humility; not that which is the offspring of reflection, combined with fortitude.

Those who might exult in expectation, that this reasoning, if adopted, would justify the fickleness of maturity, are deceived. Such persons, even in the eye of the law, are of age, and capable of better direction. They are thought to have passed the Rubicon, and should be qualified accordingly.

Alas, it is otherwise! you shall see a young a man, straitened in his income, yet anxious to associate with those above him; and, apparently, heedless of that course which must terminate in his own ruin and disgrace. He will be their companion: and then, he is at Rome, and must do as Rome does. If sincere, this must cost him many a heart-ache.—But sincerity is not the vice of this age. The reverse might be stated as such. Men are

eager, not that they may appear open to their neighbours, and their actions float on the surface of observation, but to look just what they are not. The man of fifty, would rank as five hundred....and the possessor of a hundred, would insinuate that he is worth a thousand a year. Man as he would be, not man as he is, seems uppermost with us. Every one is striving for an appearance, sometimes taken for the reality, and our miseries are proportionately increased.

There is no saying where the malady will stop. It is a disease of the intellect. We are not great enough within to resist the allurements that surround us. That consciousness of honour, which, properly cultivated, would recoil only from shame, has become the parent of false delicacy, and false feeling. The unessentials alarm us; with the essentials we have little concern. Like some antiquated coquettes, we are decorating our features, and marshalling our graces, when the principle of beauty is no more. We take that for the soul, which has scarcely the semblance of mortals.

New-York,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1801.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM DURELL, of this city, bookseller, has issued a proposal for printing, by subscription, *The Works of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.* complete, in seven volumes, octavo. The reputation and talents of Dr. WATTS are so well established in the Christian world, as not only to preclude the necessity of eulogium, but would render the attempt preposterous....Suffice it to say, that on whatever subject he has written, he has evinced the hand of a master. In the works of Dr. Watts are included....a complete body of divinity....a great number of sermons on the most interesting subjects....his Guide to Prayer.... his Glory of Christ....his Lyric Poems.... his Treatise on the Passions....his Logic ....Psalms and Hymns....&c. &c.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

December 14. This evening was presented, to a numerous audience, the tragedy of *Abaellino, the Great Bandit.* This piece was translated from the German, and adapted to our stage by Mr. Dunlap. The Manager has, perhaps, been more successful in this translation than any he has yet made. When it was first brought forward, it ran several nights in succession, and was received with much applause. Indeed, it attracted crowded audiences all last season. It abounds with incident, well connected; the style is nervous and correct; and has sufficient interest to fix the attention throughout. The characters were supported as follows:

Andreas Gritti . .	*Mr. Tyler.*
Dandoli	*Mr. Hogg.*
Canari	*Mr. Hallam.*
Flodoardo	*Mr. Hodgkinson.*
Cardinal Grimaldi.	*Mr. Hallam, jun.*
Parozzi	*Mr. Martin.*
Falieri	*Mr. Robinson.*
Contarino	*Mr. Fox.*
Memmo	*Mr. Jefferson.*
Senator	*Mr. Macdonald.*
Matteo	*Mr. Martin.*
Abaellino	*Mr. Hodgkinson.*
Rosamonda . . .	*Mrs. Hodgkinson.*
Iduella	*Mrs. Simpson.*

The scene lies in Venice. A conspiracy is formed by *Cardinal Grimaldi, Parozzi, &c.* to assassinate the nobles and usurp the government, but their schemes are counteracted by *Flodoardo*, a most mysterious character, who, for his love of *Rosamonda*, niece of the Doge, assumes the habit of a bandit, calls himself *Abaellino*, frequents the haunts of bravos, is employed by the Cardinal, Parozzi, &c. to assassinate *Dandoli, Canari*, and the principal nobles of Venice. This he does not perform; but conceals them, and it is soon rumoured about that they were murdered by Abaellino. Soon after this he (as Flodoardo) has an interview with the Doge and his niece, and declares his passion for the latter. The Dodge gives consent to their union, on condition of his delivering up Abaellino, dead or alive, to him. This Flodoardo engages to do; but exacts a promise from him that he shall give an entertainment to the nobles, &c. in the ducal palace, which shall be surrounded with guards. The last act presents a view of the inside of the palace, with the Dodge, his niece, nobles, &c. arranged in order. At this moment Flodoardo enters, muffled, makes an apology for his "most uncourtly dress," and again requests the Doge to promise that Rosamonda shall be his bride if he shall give up Abaellino. This done, Flodoardo leaves the company, and, in a few minutes, returns as Abaellino, the Great Bandit. Nothing can be more frightful than this ferocious bravo. He enters, unappalled, in the midst of the company. The Doge attempts to call a guard, but is soon silenced by the menacing attitude of Abaellino, who enters into a conversation with him on the cause of his appearance before him. He goes up to Rosamonda, calls her his bride-elect, and entreats her to listen to him. She is much terrified and hides her face. He pulls off his cap, and long black beard, throws them on the floor, and declares himself Flodoardo. They all disbelieve him. The Cardinal, Parozzi, &c. who had employed him to murder Canari, Dandoli, &c. seeing their plot discovered, and trembling for their safety, call him an impostor, and beseech the Doge not to hear him. Flodoardo then clears up the mystery, and informs the Doge of the conspiracy, and who were the persons that employed him to murder Canari, Dandoli, &c. In order to convince the company, he brings in Canari and Dandoli, who hail Abaellino as their protector and deliverer. Parozzi stabs himself; and the rest of conspirators are taken into custody. Abaellino then enters into a full explanation of his conduct, and gives his reasons for assuming the character of Abaellino; which, proving satisfactory to the Doge, he is rewarded with the hand of Rosamonda. Such are the outlines of this popular and interesting tragedy, which has enriched the coffers of the Manager, and amused, if not instructed the audience.

Mr. Hodgkinson supported the two characters, *Flodoardo and Abaellino*, in a manner which does honor to himself, and credit to the company.

Mr. Tyler's *Andreas Gritti* was animated and impressive; though in the Doge of Venice we perceive something of Friar Las Casas, in which character he is particularly successful. Indeed he seems, with pious fervour,

"To read God's awful name, emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on the illumined sky."

Mr. Jefferson often reminds us that we are offsprings of the *animale risible*. His powers of grimace are extensive, and render him an agreeable addition to the *dramatis personæ* of theatricals. We have seen him in characters of a serious and heroic cast, and have admired the accuracy of his conception, and the energy of his manner.

Nor ought Mrs. Hodgkinson's inimitable performance of *Rosamonda* to go unnoticed. We may, with truth, assert,

"Nature form'd her in a mould still firm, yet delicate."

We join with the multitude, and wish

the Manager would keep Mrs. Simpson off the boards.

The after piece was *The Romp, or a Cure for the Spleen.*

December 16. A comedy, entitled, *Speed the Plough.* By Thomas Morton, Esq. The characters were thus personated:

Sir Philip Blandford	*Mr. Tyler.*
Morrington	*Mr. Hallam.*
Sir Abel Handy . .	*Mr. Hogg.*
Bob Handy	*Mr. Hodgkinson.*
Henry	*Mr. Martin.*
Farmer Ashfield .	*Mr. Jefferson.*
Evergreen	*Mr. Hallam, jun.*
Gerald	*Mr. Fox.*
Postilion	*Mr. Lee.*
Y. Handy's Servant	*Mr. Robinson.*
Peter	*Mr. Macdonald.*
Miss Blandford .	*Mrs. Hodgkinson.*
Lady Handy . . .	*Mrs. Hogg.*
Susan Ashfield . .	*Mrs. Hallam.*
Dame Ashfield . .	*Mrs. Brett.*

Sir Philip Blandford having been on the continent, returns to his castle in Hampshire, with his daughter *Emma*, whom he thinks of uniting with *Bob Handy*, the son of *Sir Abel Handy*, who, among other whims, had produced a patent plough. This favourite instrument was tried among the Hampshire farmers, a gold medal being the prize, which was won by *Henry*, who lived with *Farmer Ashfield*. Emma presented Henry with the prize, and a mutual passion is conceived. Sir Philip roused by this circumstance, insisted that Ashfield should dismiss Henry, and, at the same time, represented to Emma that she *must*, on some account of money matters, be united to Young Handy.

But the interest of the piece arises from the following striking incidents. Sir Philip shews his friend, Young Handy, the portrait of his brother, in a remote part of the castle, and remarks that his antipathy to Henry was connected with the person here represented. This brother, and Sir Philip, used to live together in great amity; but the latter falling in love with a young lady, the former excited in him the dreadful passion of jealousy; for, on the day when they were to be married, Sir Philip, whilst inscribing her name on the bark of a tree, spied his mistress and brother caressing each other, and just on the point of going off together. In a paroxysm of rage and sorrow, he stabbed his brother to the heart. The mistress died in child-birth, some time after having brought forth Henry, the fruit of this illegitimate connection. All this conversation is overheard by Henry, and just at this moment Sir Abel Handy, the old connoisseur, making some experiments on gunpowder, sets fire to the castle. In the midst of this confusion Henry rescues Emma from the flames, and is about to revenge the murder of his father, but Emma prevents him. *Morrington* soon after this appears, shews that he is the supposed *murdered brother*, is reconciled to Sir Philip, and the two lovers are happily united.

There is also an under plot, respecting Sir Abel's marriage with *Nelly*, once the servant of Farmer Ashfield, who proves a mere vixen; a former husband, however, appearing, supposed to be dead, Sir Abel is delivered from his unpleasant connection, and, in his joy, consents to the union of his son Bob, and the daughter of honest Farmer Ashfield.

The language of this comedy is pleasing, the sentiment moral, and the tendency favourable to improvement. There is also an engaging wit which pervades many scenes, and enlivens the attention of the spectator.

The after-piece was, *The Highland Reel.*

December 18. Shakspeare's popular tragedy of *Othello, Moor of Venice;* with the entertainment of *The Maid of the Oaks.*

SOLUTION

TO THE REBUS IN OUR LAST.

FROM the passion of *love*, may pure happiness spring;
Anticipation should not to us misery bring;
Disease is, sure, a relative to pain,
And *youth* old age may e'er seek in vain.
In distant climes is gloomy *Saturn* found;
Magnetism the needle draws with power profound;
The *ocean* rolls in one vast confluence;
The *Nun* existent, yet from men recluse;
Independence is the prize our fathers bought,
And *truth* that precept which may well be taught:
The *ostrich* ranges with the feather'd brood;
The *rainbow* seen by Noah at the flood.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR OCTOBER.

FULL DRESSES.—A round dress of thick white muslin; a pelice of cambric muslin trimmed all round; long sleeves. A bonnet of buff silk, trimmed with purple ribbon. A round dress of white muslin drawn close round the throat, with a double frill; long sleeves. A green handkerchief tied carelessly round the neck. A straw hat turned up in front, and trimmed up with green ribbons.

HEAD-DRESSES—A black silk hat turned up in front, with a full crown, and ornamented with black feathers. A white muslin bonnet trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon. A straw hat turned up before, and lined with blue; blue ostrich feathers in front, A bonnet of dark green silk, two ostrich feathers of the same colour placed in front to fall contrary ways; bow of green, edged with white on the left side. A bonnet of pea-green or other coloured silk, tied under the chin, and ornamented with white feathers. A cap of white and blue muslin. A wreath of oak or laurel through the hair. Fashionable head-dresses of hair.

OBSERVATIONS.—The most fashionable colors are buff, scarlet, and blue for flowers and feathers. White dresses are the most prevalent.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES.

24. *The Sly Corner*....Foot it, and half right and left, foot it, and half right and left back again, lead down the middle, up again, and turn your partner quite round with both.

25. *'Tis all a Joke*....The first lady set to the second gentleman, and turn the third; the first gentleman set to the second lady, and turn the third; set three and three top and bottom, and turn your partners; set three and three sideways, and turn your partners.

26. *The Blush*....Foot it, and hands across half round; same back again; lead down two couple, and up one allemande.

27. *Love for Love*....Hey contrary sides, hey your own sides, lead down the middle; up again, and hands six round.

28. *Now's your time Pretty Maids*.... The three ladies lead round the three gentlemen; the gentlemen round the three ladies; lead down the middle; up again, cast off, and allemande.

(To be Continued.)

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Morrell, Mr. EDWARD PRICE, *Merchant*-Taylor, of Elizabeth-Town, to Miss ROZETTA D. GOYCE, of New-York.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, Mrs. CATHARINE PANCAKE, in the 33d year of her age, late consort of Col. Philip Pancake, of Philadelphia.

Parnassian Garland.

PARODY ON LEWIS'S BALLAD,

ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

A BAKER so gay and his lady so sweet,
Whose bosoms ne'er yet had known care;
With souls that expanded each other to meet,
Gay Ephraim the name of the youth spruce and neat,
The lady's was *Culy the fair.*

In the parlour they sat, each blessing and blest,
'Till *Ephraim* to *fair Culy* said;
"For some other lover will thus heave your breast,
"When Britain, by Gallia's proud sons oppress,
"Shall call me from you to her aid."

"O never; O never!" *fair Culy* reply'd,
"Again shall this heart throb with love;
"I ne'er will consent to be made a new bride,
"None, none but *Gay Ephraim* shall lie by my side,
"Be witness chaste spirits above:—
"If e'er I'm unfaithful to *Ephraim the Gay*—
"If e'er with another I wive,
"May your ghost, at the eve of my next bridal day,
"First cram me with dough, then its deathly arms lay
"Around my vain bosom, and bear me away
"To the oven, and burn me alive."

Now Buonaparte came, and war's tumults arise,
And loud did the Gallic guns roar:
As light feather'd Mercury darts through the skies,
The youth, clad in armour, right gallantly flies,
To drive the fierce foe from the shore.

His patriot soul now with ardour did glow,
And dreading an *alien's* new laws,
He plung'd where the warm purple current did flow,
But alas! by a ball was Gay Ephraim laid low;
And he died in his country's cause.

For twelve months *fair Culy* was ne'er known to smile,
Not one social comfort she knew;
But 'ere the gay summer had twice cheer'd our isle,
Behold all her woes and her cares to beguile,
Jack Drably shone full on her view.

He laugh'd, and he smil'd, he wink'd, and he leer'd,
Then with tenderness press'd the frail fair;
His words and his looks so bewitching appear'd,
She gave him her hand, her sunk spirits were cheer'd,
And her vows became scatter'd in air.

In Hyman's silk cords the fond lovers are bound,
And each formal rite now is done;
The smart repartee with the claret went round,
When their ears were assail'd with a foreboding sound,
'Twas the bell at St. Martin's toll'd—*One.*

In martial attire, and with dread awful mein,
A figure then glided in view;
How chang'd in a moment the gay festive scene!
Not an eye but look'd wild! not a breast was serene!
And the cold drop each cheek did bedew!

E'en the *cat* and her *kittens* aghast stood with fear,
And silence prevaded the room;
Not a creature that breath'd but was sunk in despair,
While the spectre advanc'd towards *Culy the fair*,
With an air denoting her doom.

"Oh speak!" cry'd the bride, "your dread purpose reveal."
No sooner her wish was declared,
Than quickly aside flew the helmet of steel,
His vissage no longer intent to conceal,
And his plump face and night cap appeared.

The terror increas'd, then with horrible shout
All sunk pale as death on the floor;
The cricket crept in, and the cricket crept out,
And furiously whirl'd his red night-cap about,
While the spectre to *Culy* did roar:

"Remember your oath sworn to Ephraim the Gay!
"Oh! now with another you wive!
"By the furies I'm urg'd, on your curs'd bridal-day,
"To cram you with dough, then my deathly arms lay
"Around your vain bosom, and bear you away
"To the oven and burn you alive."

Then down fell the doors with a violent crash,
The floors did to rottenness turn;
The chimneys did rock, and the elements clash,
And blue streams of lightning tempestuously flash,
And the oven with fury did burn.

He seiz'd, and he hurried her off to her doom,
In spite of her shrieks and her tears:—
Poor Jack, lost to all, left his dear native home,
Alone in a desert distracted to roam
Surviv'd not the fright many years,

And now in the bakehouse strange stories are told,
Of imps and hobgoblins and ghosts;
More num'rous more grisly, more sooty, more bold,
Than e'er struck the brain of lewd friars of old,
Or modern romance madly boasts;
In various shapes trip the chambers around,
At one stated time in the year;
Now they vanish aloft, now they sink in the ground,
And the air and the earth with dread wailings resound,
And mortals stand trembling with fear.

For *Culy's* frail vows, Oh, how hard is her lot!
Now round the grim spectre she runs;
And wipt by the furies with brands flaming hot,
She dreadfully howls, and they after her trot,
"*Buns!* fine hot-cross butter'd *buns!*"

J. H.

ON LOVE.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF SOME LADIES*.

Dear girls, you request me to write,
On a subject I little do know;
But if you, *who have felt*, would indite,
To be sure my cold bosom must glow.

There are some I have heard who declare,
And with them I'm inclin'd to agree,
Whether black, brown, ugly, or fair,
Its the same—for *Love never can see;*

That its not in the delicate form,
Or the roseate hue of the skin,
Which in mortals should kindle the flame;
But the MIND that's incircled within.

The casket indeed may be mean,
Yet if it encloses a SOUL,
Those who find it need never complain,
Who feel it, would grasp at the whole.

With emotions like these I now feel,
A dear object so true could I find;
Though bashful I would not conceal,
And I surely must tell her my mind.

For 'tis VIRTUE alone will remain,
When youth and when beauty are gone;
To possess such a nymph I will aim,
And my charmer and I shall be one.

Now ladies, pray take my advice,
Your lover's true character scan;
Tho' wit, and tho' humour the senses may please,
'Tis the MIND that ennobles the man.

S. S.

ON WOMEN.

Horns to bulls hath nature giv'n;
Fishes swimming; birds to fly;
Hoofs to horses; speed to hares;
Lions teeth; man bravery.

What for Woman had she left?
What for woman could she find?—
Beauty, 'stead of swords and spears,
Beauty vanquishes mankind.

I. X. I.

* *Two of the Ladies are about to be married.*

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